



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**WARNING TO THOSE WHO
TAKE TOO LIGHTLY OUR
FEAR OF FIRE**

It will not only be your duty, but your display of good commonsense this week-end if you call the police whenever you hear a firecracker go off anywhere within the limits of the city of Carmel other than on the beach or sand dunes. Or if at night you see anything in the nature of fireworks being set off at any spot other than those two places.

Carmel law, which limits fireworks of any kind to the beach and sand dunes, was not adopted in an effort to curtail the celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It was adopted expressly for the purpose of preventing, if possible, the destruction of this city by fire.

You owe it to yourself and to your neighbors to aid in this protection against what would be a terrible conflagration if it ever got a start.

THE CYMBAL warns those who are not Carmel residents, but summer visitors, that violation of this law will be vigorously prosecuted—and justifiably so. As we want a city to live in, so you, also, should want one to come to. One single firecracker can make both these desires impossible.

Carmel, slanting up from the ocean, a mass of trees and shrubs that are dry throughout the summer, is a natural sweep for fire. Possibility of it is our one big terror. No one wants to see anything that contributes to it.

**WE'RE HEARTILY BEHIND
THESE ASPIRATIONS OF
A. CLAY OTTO**

A. Clay Otto would certainly make a handsome building inspector.

In fact, we consider it considerably in line with Carmel's particular order of things that he should be selected as such.

One of the lamentable things about the last city election was the dropping of the picturesque John Catlin from the city council. Now look at the city council! Nary one of them could be picked out on Post street in San Francisco as definitely a Carmel councilman. They could just as well be serving in—say, Bakersfield.

But Clay Otto, now, as building inspector. Think what that would do to Post street!

And Clay might get the job.

He applied for it at last Wednesday night's meeting of the city council, and he backed his application with enough specific qualifications to get him a like job in New York City. If the council wants a building inspector (and the building code provides for the creation of such a job) who not only is competent mentally and educationally for the job, but who has the physical attributes that are desirable for Carmel, Clay is the man.

And if in the future there should ever be a building inspector contest in this man's country—say, for the title of Mr. America Building Inspector—Carmel wouldn't even have to enter until all the run-offs had been decided in the various states. Then shoot ours to Atlantic City. The cup, and the title—just like that!

W. K. B.

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 7 - No. 1

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - JULY 2, 1937

5 CENTS

BUILDING CODE FINALLY GETS PUT TO BED

Carmel's new building code finally went to press, you might say, at Wednesday night's meeting of the city council. It was passed on third reading and will be in effect 30 days from that date, or about August 1.

Minor matters, such as changing the specifications of the code regarding the size of house garages, reducing their permissible capacity from 10 cars to 3, specifying that no residence buildings shall be more than two stories in height, and business buildings three stories, and allowing the construction of board and batten houses, were attended to in the ordinance adopting the code.

The fire zone matter was also settled, temporarily at least, the No. 2 zone, as specified in the code, being substituted for No. 1 zone, which is considered too stringent for Carmel. In accomplishing this, the council passed a resolution fixing the present prescribed business district as fire zone No. 2, and the residential district as fire zone No. 3.

Councilman Clara Kellogg reiterated her belief that putting all the present business district in fire zone No. 2, would work a hardship on property owners within the limits of the district, but in sections where there will not be business buildings for many years. She felt that they should be permitted to erect houses which did not conform to the fire zone requirements for fireproof roofs, etc. It was pointed out that changes could be made by amendment to handle specific cases when they arise, or if they should arise.

The council granted Tilly Polak, Inc., permission to erect a sign in front of her shop on Ocean avenue.

The matter of appropriating a share of the money needed by the PWA household training project for a house on Monterey Peninsula as a "class" room was referred to Councilman Kellogg and she will determine how much Monterey and Pacific Grove will appropriate toward the \$75 a month required.

Miss Kellogg spoke in support of the project which, she said, had been very successful in Santa Barbara. The government work is the training of household servants, teaching them the art of cooking, making beds, sweeping and doing the wash. The school domestic science departments are used for the cooking classes, but a regular furnished house is necessary to carry on the other side of the training.

The ordinance fixing the pay of city officers was given final passage and goes into effect as of July 1.

Bill Askew was officially appointed superintendent of parks and playgrounds. This is in addition to his job as superintendent of streets.

Shelburn Robison, president of the Carmel Business Association, appeared before the council to inform the legislators that the business association had voted favorably.

(Continued on Page Two)

The Robert Gales of Pasadena are spending a fortnight in Carmel. They have taken a house on Carmelo street.

COLONIAL APTS. OWNER HALED INTO COURT

Ida P. Theurer, owner of the Colonial apartments on Carmelo street between Twelfth and Thirteenth, must appear before Judge George P. Ross Tuesday morning on a charge of violating section 18 of ordinance No. 140. At that time Mrs. Theurer may either ask for a continuance, which will be granted, according to Judge Ross, for a reasonable period, or she may plead on arraignment. If she pleads not guilty she may ask for a trial by the court or before a jury.

Mrs. Theurer is charged with violating the Carmel zoning ordinance, through erecting and conducting what is classed as a hotel within a restricted residential district.

She was arrested on a warrant read to her over the telephone by Chief of Police Bob Norton and appeared before Judge Ross, posting \$50 bail for her release.

Clay Otto Seeks Job of Building Inspector

A. Clay Otto, one of what we choose to call—despite the fact that he is far from aged—Carmel's pioneer residents, addressed a communication to the city council Wednesday night in which he made formal application for the position of building inspector of the city, a job which is created by the new building code adopted at this meeting and to take effect within 30 days.

On the suggestion of City Attorney Campbell, Otto's application was placed on file, because the council cannot act on the matter until the job is actually created after the code becomes effective.

Clay gave a complete and imposing list of his qualifications for the job, citing his education in architecture and general academic subjects.

In addition to his particular fitness for the job should be considered his long residence in Carmel and his constant activity in civic and educational affairs.

ARGYLL MAY DECIDE TO BRING US BACK A NEW POST OFFICE

Argyll Campbell, city attorney, was Wednesday night granted by the city council a three-weeks' leave of absence with permission to leave the state of California.

He brought up the matter of whether or not the city wanted him to grab a post office building appropriation from Mr. Farley, but no official action was taken on it. It may be that if Campbell thinks the people are behind the idea, he will pocket the appropriation just on a chance, and on his own hook.

Of course, after the last election, everybody knows that Campbell can go to Farley and just whisper in his ear and we get the new post office building. What would Roosevelt have done without the majority he got in Carmel? John Jordan can give you the answer to that. "He would have been sunk," John will tell you, and he will add, not so much under his breath: "And he should have been sunk."

SCHOOL DISTRICT TAX JUMPS UP 11 CENTS TO PROVIDE SUNSET WITH NEEDED BUDGET OF \$31,816 FOR THE YEAR

Needs of the Sunset School require a jump in the school district tax rate from the present 34 cents to 45 cents, an increase of 11 cents as your subtraction or addition, whichever method you take, will tell you.

The school trustees, in announcing this increase, give many and certainly sufficient reasons for the raise. They set forth that the budget for the coming year calls for a total school expenditure of \$52,059, of which the state will supply \$20,234. This leaves \$31,816 to be provided by the taxpayers of the Sunset School district. The tax rate, therefore, based on an assessed valuation in the district of \$7,593,000 must be 45 cents.

In announcing the budget figures and the necessary tax rate increase, the trustees say:

"The board of trustees regrets the rise of 11 cents in the tax rate for this year, but has no alternative since the board was ordered to make many improvements and the increase in attendance required still more expenditures. Unfortunately the cost of general upkeep cannot be avoided. This work, together with the work done last year, brings the school buildings and grounds back into excellent repair, and from present indications only a little additional work may be required next year. In consequence, next year's tax rate should be reduced below the present figure."

HOTEL STRIKE MAY HIT US

Councilman Jim Thoburn tossed what was something more than a lady firecracker into the otherwise apparent calm of the council meeting Wednesday night when he asked if the city could do anything about "preventing picketing by strikers."

Everyone perked up his or her ears to hear what had aroused the councilman to make this query. He was a bit creative at first, remarking on the recent WPA music project strike and the picketing of the place on Dolores street by outside union organizers. But there was something else on his mind, it was quite evident, and finally Jim came out with it.

He fears a hotel strike in Carmel. He has heard, and it developed on investigation by THE CYMBAL, on pretty good authority, that C. I. O. organizers have been at work in Carmel. It is further said that about 75 per cent of hotel employees in Carmel have been won over to the big, strong union of Mr. Lewis.

It is estimated that there are between 75 and 100 hotel employees in Carmel, from the lowest kitchen helper to the highest clerks in the lobbies. This would mean that somewhere between 50 and 75 of them have signed up with the C. I. O., if reports are true.

Hotel owners and managers are inclined to doubt it.

But Councilman Thoburn seems to think trouble is imminent.

By the way, the councilman was told by City Attorney Campbell that the penal code contains all that is necessary to put down trouble; that the city doesn't need an anti-picketing ordinance to protect itself.

ALL RIGHT, LATHAM, ET TU, ALDERMAN

By the way, those two neat shops just recently completed for and partly by Harry and George Aucourt on Lincoln street, just south of Ocean, were designed by Milton Latham, and nicely done, too. The contractor in charge of the work was Colin Alderman and he labored fore and aft during the building. The result is an unusually attractive structure and much desirable for two people who want to sell something in pleasant surroundings.

WORK BEGUN ON JUNIPERO ST. BY WPA

Seventy-five men began work yesterday morning on the straightening of the road which runs from Santa Lucia and Mission streets past the Carmel Mission and connects with the San Simeon Highway and the road up the Carmel Valley.

The road will actually be a direct extension of Junipero street in Carmel, to connect with it at Twelfth. At this point the WPA workmen will stop, and it will be up to Carmel to make further improvement of Junipero street to bring traffic in to Ocean avenue.

The action of the county, in conjunction with the WPA, in making this improvement, actually forces the city of Carmel to take action which has been urged for many months. It has been contended that the opening of the San Simeon Highway would tend to bring an objectionable flow of traffic into the city by the present main artery of San Carlos street and hence directly in front of the Sunset School.

Junipero, laid out as a 100-foot street, is the logical artery into the city from the coast highway, and the work started by the county and the WPA will make widening and improvement of it absolutely necessary now.

BUILDING PERMITS TOTAL \$19,441 FOR JUNE

Building permits for the month of June totaled \$19,441.15, a rise over last year in the same month, which was \$13,617.55, but quite a slump from last month. The total for May was \$45,499, which is the third highest of any month since they started tabulating the permits.

DR BURCHAM PREACHES AT COMMUNITY CHURCH

In the absence of Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor of Carmel Community Church, Rev. John L. Burcham, superintendent of the San Francisco District of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is guest preacher. Rev. Burcham's sermon for the 11 o'clock service this coming Sunday will be "Is the State to Absorb all the Functions of the Church?—A Fourth of July Meditation."

"One Day of Happiness" Describes Our San Juan Fiesta Participation

Formal Mass in the beautiful church of St. John the Baptist, founded in 1797 by Fray Fermin Lasuen, began one of the most beautiful pageant days we have ever witnessed. The old town of San Juan Bautista put on a real old-time fiesta last Sunday. Perhaps it was because so many of the tourists went to the opening of the Carmel-San Simeon Highway that the group, which walked the old paths and gathered in the bars and on street corners to sing and play on various instruments, were mostly native to the country—Mexican, Italian, old Spanish, Indian, and cowboys from many ranchos nearby. The tourists, as such, vanished into the joyous throng and the Mission itself took the leading role.

Fray Lasuen came from Santa Clara to found the fifteenth of the chain of 21 California Missions. He planted a cross on Pagan Hill and told the Indians of the new religion. Not as zealous as Serra, he gained their confidence quickly and with their help built San Juan Mission and the outlying buildings. It was a labor of 15 years, but the completed Mission was one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most prosperous. It was dedicated by Father President Estevan Tapia, who is buried in the chancel, on June 25, 1812.

The altar screen of painted wood with six niches for the carved redwood saints, was the work of the first American officially to settle in California—John Doak, a Yankee sailor. Doak, "by the help of God and some Indian boys" did the altar piece. Pieces for the church, done in modern times, but so in keeping with the earlier church furniture that you can hardly tell which is which, were done by members of the Monterey Guild. The old orchard and gardens and the favorite door on the inner courtyard, with a large hole for a large cat and a smaller door for a smaller cat cut into the base, are just a part of the legend and beauty which surround the place. The organ, which sounded so reverently during the Mass, was brought around the Horn. The Mission tract, according to Father Francis Caffrey, who was here, there, and everywhere, includes 28 acres of land.

We walked out the back door of the courtyard and ran into Jane Withers and Edward Arnold, two members of the movie colony who came up from Hollywood to be a part of the show. To their credit, they in no way imposed themselves on the scene or the spirit of the occasion and the crowd was almost unaware of their presence. One of the nicest shots of the afternoon was of Father Caffrey, Jane Withers and the two beautiful palomino stallions sent up from Los Prietos Rancho in Santa Barbara and owned by Dwight Murphy.

We have seen a lot of parades, but never one as sincerely and as enthusiastically done as the one at San Juan. Perhaps it was the horses. There were about 125 of them in the parade and in the horse show after the barbecue lunch. But that was not all, because one of our favorite

entries was an ox-cart drawn by two Holsteins and urged on by the San Juan Boy Scouts in burlap pants lavishly daubed with red paint. There was a float of men making adobe, some prospectors, a covered wagon, a surrey and a real forge with old type bellows, a nine-mule team with old harness bells tinkling up and down the old street lined with eager, cheering faces. There were two drum corps, one from Santa Cruz and the other from San Francisco and a Wells Fargo coach. The equine highlight was the group of mounted sheriffs from San Francisco county with their white Stetsons and white flannel shirts which made our better half yearn himself into a tantrum, and a group of 50 horses from San Benito county. Oh, it was a grand parade!

The old town was bubbling over at noon when the big barbecue took place in the courtyard and the rest of the town wandered about the streets. We went into an old bar for a glass of cooling beer and watched the music entertainers as they added first one and then another player to their ranks and all of them joined in playing the old Italian and Mexican songs. Then we went off to the hills for our lunch and feasted our eyes on the golden softness of the fields. The horse show had just begun when we returned and saw the last part of it from our seats for the pageant. The horses went through their paces with all kinds of Western show riding, turning, backing and stopping from a full gallop. The equi-page was worth a good deal of the silver in Uncle Sam's mint. We hungered for just one bridle button. Two black mules came out and stopped the show for a few minutes by refusing to make way for the palominos. No class consciousness there.

Finally the bell in the Mission tower tolled the hour and the pageant began. The story of "Dolores of San Juan" was acted with ease and fine dramatic intensity. The fiesta scenes in the play provided the needed contrast to drama. All ended happily and we do think that Reginald Travers and his group of native talent and those brought down from San Francisco should be congratulated on the best pageant timing we have seen. The play moved without a hitch and the costumes and setting were beautiful. Again we say that the Mission took the leading role, as it rose, stately, friendly and sanctified, in the background.

We have felt no century of sadness, but we would like to write finis to this by quoting Father Arroyo de la Cuesta who served at the Mission from 1808 to 1833. "One day of happiness is worth a century of sadness." We had a happy day.

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI
+ + +

New arrivals to Carmel include Mr. and Mrs. Karl Reichert and Donald and Jimmy Reichert from Seattle, Washington. They are in one of Mrs. Fenton Grigsby's cottages on North Mission.

This Looks Like Big Time Sunday

There does really seem to be something to this "artistic" barbecue affair, or promised affair, of the American Legion Club and the Mission Ranch Club, working together on a fitting and proper celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Even if you want to pass up the artistic barbecue as something that may not appeal, there will be numerous other features of the big day Sunday that should get you. The committee from the Legion Club, which is staging this celebration, has most of its cards out in the table, but some of the aces, we are told, are still up its collective sleeve.

The program, pretty full and promising at the very beginning, has grown and grown and grown until now there are items thereon that should make history in the matter of entertainment.

Besides that artistic barbecue there are to be sports events in which rare and glittering prizes will be offered, dancing, amateur gambling (all within the law, we hope) and a frolic generally. The affair will be staged both afternoon and evening, possibly until the next morning, or through it, with fireworks lighting up the scene in competition with the moon.

This is the first attempt at a community celebration in Carmel on July 4, the first one of any extent and scope, and it should go over big.

The scene is the Mission Ranch Club, just outside the town beyond Santa Lucia street and entered by way of almost any of the roads that run off Santa Lucia through the Mission Tract.

+ + +

Stovepipe Hall was the scene of a comparatively quiet but in all a good-natured gathering last Friday night. Those present were Ethel Warren, Dudley Carter, Amelie Waldo, Henry Dickinson, Suzanne and Harry Hedger, Lynda Sargent, Bill Kneass, Remo and Virginia Scardigli, Bruce and Jean Ariss, Clay Otto, June Sonnichson, Wolo, Carlos Ayala, Pico Ayala, Ben Schafer, Eleanor and Bill Irwin. Guests for the evening were the Ross Millers.



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Building Code Is Finally Passed

(Continued from Page One)

on several proposed changes in license of itinerant peddlers, canvassers, and the like, and for further restrictions on closing out and bankruptcy sales. He said that the desired legislation would be outlined to the members of the council by letter before the next regular meeting on July 7.

He also told the council that the business association had gone on record as favoring two-hour limited parking on Ocean avenue and Dores street. Mayor Smith said that such an ordinance had already been adopted by the council but that the

cost of curb signs had held up the enforcement of it. Robison said he had gotten a figure of \$5 a sign, or \$30 a block for six signs in the block. This would make the total cost about \$150, while the city previously had a price of \$500.

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Or See Arthur T. Shand
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Cinderella Shop Is Sold By Janet Prentiss

Janet Prentiss has sold the Cinderella Shop.

When we saw her Wednesday morning she hugged us a large hug and said, "I am a free woman!" But, in spite of eager plans for September with the autumn leaves in Vermont, for love trysts in the Taj Mahal, for hours and hours to tend her Carmel garden, we all passed our moist eyes around at each other at the thought of her withdrawal from public life.

In the finest Carmel tradition, Miss Prentiss came here twenty-three years ago to spend a month. She thinks it's about time she went at least to Vermont. For fifteen of these years she has been the lady chataleine of the Cinderella Shop. She is one of those uncommon women whose love for other people extends to a real thrill in being able to make other women look lovelier. We suppose she has also been glad to make sales, but in buying from her we have never detected that idea. In fact, both she and Mattie Coppuck, who will continue with the business, are always perfectly capable of looking at you in one of their choicest creations and saying, "For goodness' sake, take that thing off this minute. It's terrible!" So that you feel, after you've left the shop, that you've got a little more than you paid for.

Mrs. Helen Lightner Dean, who took over yesterday morning, says she has at last fulfilled the dream of her life—to live and work in Carmel. With Mrs. Coppuck and Mrs. Dean continuing the tradition of the shop, the many clients all over the West who feel that they must buy at least one gown and one knitted suit and one hat during the year at the Cinderella Shop—as well as those who buy nowhere else—will still feel at home.

So it's only farewell and hail again to the loved little lady who has gleefully sold us most of our shorts; and a hope that the leaves in Vermont in September will be as vulgarly beautiful as they are across the line in our New Hampshire.

—L. S.

Dr. and Mrs. Marshall L. Carter and their young son have taken the Julian Phillips house on San Luis Road in Carmel Woods. Dr. Carter and his family come from Oakland and they are to make their home here permanently. Dr. Carter and Dr. John Gratiot of Pacific Grove are taking over the practices of Dr. E. F. Kehr and Dr. Paul Hunter who are leaving Carmel for Pasadena.

CARMEL CAPERS

The Baron Von Schoeler, who spent several days in Carmel last week, is an archeologist and explorer of note and consequently found it a comparatively simple matter to discover Whitney's where he enjoyed many pleasant afternoons studying the quaint and devious ways of Carmel's aborigines, over a glass of beer.

He admitted, however, to some confusion as to how best to acquire a white cat, a top hat or a goat, which were some of the fantastic and brilliantly conceived articles required for Tommy Hooper's treasure hunt last Friday evening.

Marcy Brennan flashed meteorically across the picture of Carmel's night life. He appeared well and prosperous, though filled with strange tales of adventure encountered during his mining expedition to Nevada; of being stranded in one of those historic little towns of early California history and of thumbing and bumming his way back to what we graciously designate as civilization.

Johnny Ward is in bed with arthritis in the Monterey Hospital. The first little girl or boy who rudely inquires as to the identity of "arthritis" will have his subscription to THE CYMBAL canceled forthwith.

In any case, we hope he will soon again grace our village streets.

We were thrilled by the beautiful, green sea-serpent contributed by the Kiwanis Club to Pacific Grove's open house, Saturday night—also by the martial music wafted in by a mellifluous summer breeze, and the waning, roseate moon.

We had the additional pleasure of meeting the winner of the bathing beauty contest at the San Carlos hotel after the festivities. Her lush charms were undiscernible through layers of pink chiffon and she blushed engagingly at the plaudits of the multitude.

Wolo, the cartoonist, would be so definitely a charming and enlivening ingredient in village life as well as a life-giving element to its fast-fading picturesque and artistic qualities that we do hope he remains among us.

Mr. Ray (400, crème de la crème) Burns seen in Whitney's mingling democratically with the rabble, and rubbing two dimes together to make a noise like money.

—LIBBY LEY

Rock Tells Story Of How Merriam Blew It Up

Many stories have been written and told of the opening of the San Simeon Highway last Sunday. We have the story of the rock. The one whose fragments, flying in the air, were to symbolize the opening of the road. The rock speaks:

"I was a nice rock, as rocks go. Not too large and not too small and until some workmen with shining shovels and picks un-embedded me from the arms of my good friend, Mother Earth (a platonic friendship entirely), my life was one long dream. I was assisted aboard a truck and carried a distance of about seven miles and then dumped. Oh so gently, but dumped nevertheless. It seems from the conversation that I was going to be blown up by none other than the Governor of the State. Oh so gently, but blown up, nevertheless. And the reason I was to be blown up (horrid word, even now I shudder) was because I was blocking a great road called the San Simeon Highway. Quite a nice job from what I've heard, though I've spent most of my life collecting—moos, you know.

"Anyway, instead of blocking up the road I was put to one side and then had a lot of holes bored in me. A ticklish proposition. One of the common workmen said something about getting the holes in the correct side 'so that the ——— rock wouldn't knock the Gov'nor over' but it really didn't penetrate as to what he was talking about.

"About 2 o'clock a lot of people started to mill around and some of them took little chips off me, 'Souvenirs' they called them. Just a chip off the old rock as far as I was concerned. The Governor came over to meet me, which was rather nice of him seeing that his intention as far as I knew was to send me to eternity. The next few minutes were a bit confusing in my mind. A long cylindrical tubing was thrust into my side and a match lighted to the string attached to it. There was a—well, the papers called it a 'blast', but whatever was at the end of the fuse didn't feaze me. I was unmoved and undented. The Governor smiled. I laughed.

"Later on, a sea lion and I stole the show away from all the rest of the people that wandered around looking very antique. There were a couple of engineers in the crowd that I wouldn't have liked to have bumped into on any kind of a night. Those boys really are dynamite. No giant firecrackers for them.

"Well, I'm still here by the side of the road. About 1,000 cars passed me last Monday. Suppose they

will put a bronze inlay in the already drilled molar: 'This is the rock that was supposed to have been blown up because it blocked the opening of the Carmel-San Simeon Highway'."

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DICKINSONS ARE HOLDING FAMILY REUNION

The Henry Dickinson family are having a reunion over the coming week-end. Edith is down from San Francisco. Elizabeth and her husband, Paul White, are coming from the South. Bill from Europe.

Bill Dickinson has had a wonder-

ful time in England, Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and France. He spent three months at the Co-operative College in Manchester, and then followed up the movement in other countries. He hopes to tie up with it in this country.

+ + +

Most of Carmel seems to be headed for Europe this summer, say we, grinding our teeth a bit and fully cognizant of the exaggeration of the above generality. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wetzel will settle on the continent for several months this summer.

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The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

Published every Friday by

THE CYMBAL COMPANY

E. A. H. Watson & A. Porter Halsey
W. K. Bassett

SEVENTH AND SAN CARLOS STREET
P. O. BOX 1800 • TELEPHONE 77

Ocean Avenue Office: South Side,
near Mission (Carmel Investment Co.)

PRINTED BY CARMEL PRESS, INC

Subscription, \$1 a year, by mail

Entered as second-class matter at
the post office at Carmel, Calif.,
under the act of March 3, 1879

W. K. BASSETT, Editor

Vol. 7

No. 1

July 2, 1937

The Cymbal is on sale at
Del Monte Hotel, newstand,
Palace Drug Co., Monterey.
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The guaranteed net paid circula-
tion of THE CYMBAL last week
(issue of June 25, 1937) was as
follows:

CARMEL DISTRICT

Paid Subscribers.....367
Newstand and Street Sales.....194

Total, Carmel District.....561

OUTSIDE CARMEL DISTRICT

Paid Subscribers.....129
Total, Paid Circulation.....690

Gain over previous week.....2

(The total paid circulation of
THE CYMBAL in the Carmel Dis-
trict—Carmel, Carmel Highlands,
and Pebble Beach—is far in excess
of that of any other Carmel news-
paper.)

**HOPE WILLIAMS, PLAYING
WITH THE LUNTS, PLAYED
AROUND HERE LAST YEAR**

Hope Williams was played up
strong in a recent issue of the San
Francisco Chronicle in a tribute to
her work as Leda in the Lunts'
"Amphitryon 38", now playing at
the Curran up in the other village.

There is reference to her "trim
figure, her chic clothes that are
without fuss or frills, her boyish
haircut, her unaffected way of talk-
ing".

And those who are considered
among the elect knew of these
things and enjoyed seeing and hear-
ing them on the Monterey Penin-
sula last summer when Hope Wil-
liams was a guest of Mrs. Roma
Ware, living then at the Peninsu-
la Country Club.

Mrs. Ware has since taken upon
herself the running of a swell dude
ranch, a dude ranch de luxe you
might say, near Reno, Nevada. It
is expected that after the run of
the Lunts' play, Hope Williams
will be her guest there.

+ + +

Martha Morgan was the guest
of Borghild Jansen early this week.
Both she and her mother, Tamara
Morgan, well known pianist, will
be in Carmel for the Bach Festival.

**"Russet Mantle" Opens at Green Room
Tonight; Offering of St. James Players**

Go down to the St. James Green
Room

And see the actors there.

They are acting out Riggs' "Rus-
set Mantle"—

It's a play both sweet and fair.

With apologies to the author and
all you fair people of Carmel et
touri, who must writhe and squirm,
we offer the above suggestion as a
highlight for your week-end. The
St. James Repertory Company in-
tact, and with two local additions,
will open its summer season tonight
with Lynn Riggs' delightful com-
edy which made Robert Benchley
turn a couple of handspings in his
review of the New York presenta-
tion a year ago last spring:

"Russet Mantle" is a comedy
with just enough tragic, human, so-
ciological implications to make it
bite as well as amuse.

The familiar theme of the old
versus the young is laid in Santa
Pé. The cast is as follows: Horace
Kincaid, played by George T. Bol-
ton; Pablo, Kendall Power; Susanna
Kincaid, Daisy Belmore; Effie
Rowley, Fern Hyde; Manuelita, El-
len Leslie; Kay, Faye Emerson;
Scott, Harry Hedger; John Galt,
Robert Galbraith; Mrs. Fawcett,
Peggy Burke; and Dr. Brown, Pe-
ter Lundberg.

The local thespians, in case you
missed them in the above list, are
Fern Hyde and Harry Hedger, both
of whom are well known on the
Carmel stage.

Charles McCarthy, director of
the group, has quite a list of coming
attractions up his sleeve. The
company's second production will
be J. B. Priestley's "Dangerous
Corner". In the near future our
dramatic appetites will be tempted
by Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors",
"Young Woodley", "Kind Lady",
which starred Grace George in the
New York production, three one-
act plays by Eugene O'Neill, and at
least one play will be included
which has never before been pro-
duced.

The Golden Bough Green Room,
where the group will have its play-
making headquarters all season, is
on Casanova between Eighth and
Ninth. We feel proud that we
have maneuvered practically to the

end of this without mentioning
those famous, comfortable, wicker
chairs from the old Golden Bough
Theater. Well, we did it, and they
are there waiting for you.

"Russet Mantle" will run four
nights, closing Monday July 5.

+ + +

**Intense Drama In
"The Viking" At
Filmarte**

Tragedy and intense drama stalk-
ed the far north in the filming of
"The Viking", which will be at the
Filmarte Theater on Monte Verde
street tomorrow night, July 3. Var-
ick Frissell, producer of the film,

was killed in an explosion of the
ship's powder magazine along with
25 other members of the crew and
staff. The hunting and ship scenes
in the picture were both filmed and
recorded for sound in Newfound-
land and on the Labrador ice fields.
The story is of two men and a wo-
man, the old tale, but laid in a new
and exciting setting. It will run for
one day only.

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6:30 p.m.

9:00 a.m.
11:20 a.m.
12:20 p.m.
1:30 p.m.
3:15 p.m.
4:30 p.m.
5:45 p.m.
7:00 p.m.

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CLANGING CYMBALS



Lately Mr. Ennis of the San Francisco Chronicle published in his column a story about a small town gravedigger and this reminded us of Gizzie Lib, long time functionary in that capacity for Henniker, New Hampshire.

Gizzie's real name was Gilbert Peters. He was married—seems to us he must have been married through eternity—to Lizzie Walsh, as was. So we kids, who saw them as a queer old pair, always riding up on a high seat behind a logy old mare, called them Lizzie Gib and Gizzie Lib.

Riding along, Gizzie always smoked an upside down cornob pipe and stroked his long whiskers in time to the ambling of the mare. Lizzie sat up like a ramrod and held her nose. It was said that Lizzie wore the pants, but try as hard as we could to verify this, we never caught her in that flaming act.

When the old cemetery over by the Town Hall became inadequate for the growing population of our dead and the new one plotted out down in the Contoosook Valley not far from Gizzie Lib's place, he got the job of gravedigger. The theory doubtless being that any time he was called upon he could just lay down his hoe, trot up the road a piece and be back in time for the noon chores. But it came to pass quite otherwise.

Henniker's pride in the new cemetery was the mausoleum. Built to house temporarily those crossed members of society who saw fit to die when there were four feet of frost in the ground, it stood four-square just in front of old man Whitcomb's lot, looking down on the easy flowing of the Contoosook River. We remember quite clearly that when our grandmother passed on during a March blizzard, we felt with some pride that she had passed on to the new mausoleum, where, doubtless, God would have a little time to think her over. It was also in the mausoleum that the spades and pickaxes and other utensils of the gravedigging profession were housed.

Now it was custom in these parts to take a jug of cider into the hayfield in the morning, or along into the woods of a winter's day. This practice made no perceptible dent in the tenure of temperance thereabouts—it being the consensus of opinion that too much sweat in hot weather brought the blood pressure up dangerously and too much sweat in cold weather took it down too far. Laced with a good shaking of red pepper, the stuff was potent enough, God knows, but no one cavilled at the idea.

That is, no one but Lizzie Gib. Lizzie's tongue was slung high and free from somewhere far up her nose. It tolled like a sassy old bell a good portion of the time and was nearly always directed, if somewhat obliquely, at poor old Gizzie. So that it was easy to see how Gizzie's first downward step from a respectable member of the community and a deacon in good standing at the Methodist Church, came about.

Late afternoon was a good time to take off for a bit of digging, just before evening chores. We can imagine that on Gizzie's first job, he started along to the cemetery, trailing Lizzie's abjurations of him gently behind and nevertheless toting the jug. It is simple to calculate

that, in getting out his tools, he discovered that the earth floor of the mausoleum was as good as any cellar bottom for keeping things cool. And how natural it was for him to stick the jug under the mourner's bench, both for privacy and refrigeration. It always easy to see Gizzie, just inside the door, his sweaty old straw pushed back on his head, now and then lifting the elbow, and keeping an eye out for Lizzie Gib.

Gradually, Gizzie became a changed man. Always gentle, always ready to slip the kids a penny, when Lizzie wasn't looking, he slowly came into his own as a man of parts. He mingled with the menfolks in the back of Preston's store at afternoon mail time, keeping an eye out for Lizzie's sudden appearance. But then, they were all keeping their eyes peeled for this emergency in their own cases, and the back door was much used. At the high sign, Gizzie would slip out, go along the river's edge for a bit and Lizzie would find him piously, often maudlinly, putting the finishing touches to some last resting place, or tenderly mowing over some long-dead replica of his dear wife.

Gizzie had one fear—that Lizzie would find him and his cronies out in their holy of holies. But having made the first step in all those years away from Lizzie's whittled nose and tongue, things seemed to come easy to him. Thus, gentlelike, after the manner of men who have long endured their Lizzies, he began planting little seeds in his wife's ever fertile mind. Very probably she asked him one night at supper what it was like in the mausoleum and, with a stroke of Yankee genius, he reckoned it might be a mite shivery for some folks, what with the whisperin's and so goin' on, but he didn't mind it. In a split second, he realized he had something there. Lizzie jumped: she declared then and there that you could never get her inside that horrid place. She even hinted—God rest her soul—that her Gizzie must have some hitherto indiscernible glimmering of manhood in him to be able to take it. So Gizzie said, It's nawthin', Lix, and in no time at all, what with a hint here and there about shadows that flitted about and moanings in the dusk, he had Lizzie Gib where he had never hoped in his life to have Lizzie Gib—at the green end of the goose.

So, from a dour old man, Gizzie became the spry and genial center of one of Henniker's most exclusive coteries; his odd habitat the meeting place of a few very choice bodies, as well as souls. And Lizzie was hogtied. It made your heart kind of rejoice to see the lanky old gentleman swing out of the temple of the dead when the dusk came down and he could no longer fool Lizzie into thinking he was tending graves, and strut off home. With absolutely unguessed-at skill, he was able to persuade Lizzie that the voices and somewhat Pantagruellian mirth she now and then, in passing, heard from the environs of old Whitcomb's grave, were none other than the reappearance of that renegade in the community.

Gizzie kept the cemetery shipshape. He got to love his graves with a father's tenderness, bending over them for hours, his long whiskers wet, and something between a sob and a giggle emanating therefrom. The farm began to run down. Lizzie complained worse than ever and more than once he encountered grave suspicions on arriving home a little late for outdoor

work. On the night old Sarilla Cogswell died, he dug her three and a half graves. Inasmuch as she weighed close to three hundred pounds and none of the graves was in the Cogswell lot, it got to be something of a joke about town and one that Gizzie Lib enjoyed to the full.

The first big mistake was a little slip, as usual. Coming home quite late one night, Gizzie caught Lizzie up in his arms and kissed her on the mouth. Perhaps if he'd had the presence of mind to follow this line to its conclusion, he might have been able to retrieve his fault and placate the old woman. But instead he reached out for the milk pail she always kept waiting for him, got hold of the teakettle by mistake, and started jauntily out to milk with steam scalding his whiskers.

"Gilbert Peters," Lizzie screeched, "I'm ashamed of you."

"Why, Lizzie," Gilbert mildly retorted, "I bin ashamed o' you for nigh onto forty years."

This first fatal error accomplished, the incident that closed Gizzie's public career followed not long after. As Deacon he was sometimes called upon to perform another funeral task—pallbearing. On such occasions, the cemetery being between his house and the village, he took his best clothes along, dug the grave, and changed in the mausoleum. On this particular day, helping to his last resting place an old crony: one who had many secret twilight visits to him on the granite benches, one who, unfortunately, was a pious and important member of the community. So, while he dressed, he thought to fortify himself for the coming ordeal.

It is told that when he arrived at the church his whiskers were still dripping. Somehow, he got through the indoor ceremony with no other mishap than that the rest of the pallbearers had to contend with a decided jerkiness of the coffin, as if the corpse had changed his mind about things. But the solemn trial at the grave was too much for Gizzie. And just as that most mournful of all earthly moments came, Gizzie slipped and fell into the grave.

The sight of the coffin waggling, three-pillared, over his head set Gizzie Lib to giggling. He made no effort to rise. When Lizzie came up in a terrible dither with half the town crowding behind her to see what could be done, Gizzie grinned at her and thumbed his nose.

"Well, it's a neat little joint," Barnet admitted modestly, scuffing one foot in the sand at his new doorstep up the valley.

"Yep. Nice place," the Major agreed. "Look out for that left foot, Barnet."

Barnet looked down at the foot. Nothing wrong with his foot. He looked along the ground a couple of meagre inches—well, an inch and a half. "God almighty," he said, unable to move the foot.

We, ourselves, have tried to look

at Barnet from the viewpoint of a six foot rattlesnake. We are certain we should never bite Barnet, but then we haven't any poison fangs to go flirting about.

So we tried to get Barnet's inmost outlook for that moment; I paid my gas and light bill, oh dear good God, that this should happen to me: well, what if I did tell the old biddy it was only seven miles down here, I didn't mean it, God, and her speedometer wasn't working and it only seems seven miles up your beautiful Carmel Valley: beloved mother, when I said my prayers at your knees I only peeked now and then to see if brother was praying, too: and, oh, God, I promise to pay up the rest of the ambulance fund and build the kiddies a swimming pool and, all-seeing Father, the real estate business is no place for an honest man like me; and I'll send a hundred subscriptions to the Carmel CYMBAL to my friends and it's thirteen miles up to this damned hole and I'd hate like hell to collapse on top of you.

At this moment, Major Kneass reached for the reptile's tail and missed, and this eight-foot menace went into the bushes and rattled away hysterically. Or at least, if he rattled the way Barnet told it at the club, it was that bell-like sound we heard up here in the village on Sunday night.

"Good Lord, Barnet, that's your third whiskey," said the barkeep in surprise.

"Yesu Gott," Barnet said, "Eleven foot odd. And how do I know I didn't get hit," he said, downing the third.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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So you haven't got a job, or you're tired of the job you have, or your best girl turned you down and you want to get away from it all? Well, your Uncle Sammy has just the ticket for you, that is, if you know something about collecting dirt or about books. No, we don't mean gossip or review columns on a newspaper. Here is the lowdown on the new Civil Service competitions. They are having examinations for the following jobs:

Junior agricultural engineer, \$2,000 a year, Soil Conservation Service and Bureau of Agricultural Engineering.

Chief of library service division, \$5,600 a year; specialist in public libraries, \$3,800 a year; and specialist in school libraries, \$3,800 a year; Office of Education, Interior Department.

For positions in the apportioned service at Washington, D. C., applicants must show legal or voting residence in the State or Territory claimed for at least 1 year next preceding the closing date for receipt of applications. All States except Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington and the District of Columbia have received less than their quota of appointments in the apportioned departmental service at Washington, D. C.

If you want all the information, go up to the Carmel Post Office and see Fred Strong. He's the tall guy who can reach all the boxes. He's the secretary of the U. S. Civil Service Board of Examiners, so keep a civil tongue in your head.

+ + +

SEVERNS SHOP NEW ONE ON SIXTH STREET

If you have been wondering who kicked the big hole in the front of the Ben Wetzel house on Sixth avenue just below San Carlos, that is the new show case and office for Severns Radio Shop. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert S. Severns are living there, too, all around the radios. In fact, they like radios, all kinds of radios, and radios like Severns. They behave for him. When he comes into your house to tinker and sound their insides they sit up and take notice and do as they're told.

The Severns have a radio shop in Gilroy. They have had it for two years and it is doing well, but they like Carmel and must have a shop here if it kills them. It won't of course, but they are very determined to make this town their home. They have a three-year lease on the Wetzel house as evidence of their determination.

The two downstairs rooms are now divided into an office and a workshop, both of them being used as showrooms at the same time. The better sets are on display in the upstairs living room, as they would look in your own home. Claribel Zuck has several sets in her window on Ocean avenue, but you should really see the new bay window in the Ben Wetzel, beg your pardon, Gilbert Severns' house on Sixth.

+ + +

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS turn merchandise into dollars—and find dogs.

Here's an Adventure! JAPANESE-EATS!

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... in a lovely Japanese garden

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The reason for all the preening and posing and posturing about in canine circles is the forthcoming fourteenth annual show of the Del Monte Kennel Club to be held at Del Monte Hotel July 24. With so many champions and near champions among the villagers, the localites should carry off a great many of the trophies.

That fascinating French poodle seen about the village is Mademoiselle Marta Da Miano, of Paris, who is here on a visit with her charming mistress and master, Monsieur and Madame André Da Miano. Mademoiselle Marta, with the Frenchwoman's traditional chic, is wearing the very latest cut in coats which is the rage among the smart Poodle set of Paris and New York. Her pretty traveling companion is Mademoiselle Pilchoue, a Welch spaniel, who likewise was born in Paris. This is the young ladies' first trip to America and they are enjoying it immensely.

What a wonderful pair Mademoiselle Marta and Monsieur Panam, the French Poodle who was here with his master, Count de Jourdy, would make! M. Panam, with typical masculine conservatism, was clipped in the old rosette style—and a very dashing figure he made, too.

Another interesting visitor is Siegfried Brandon, whose master, Henry Brandon, the actor, was the

original villain in "The Drunkard". Siegfried, though very well along in years, is still a fine figure of a dog. He is quite cocky and therefore the poor fellow was dreadfully embarrassed when weakness overtook him on his early morning ramble the other day, and he had to sit down to rest.

When young Donaldbain Macbeth came home from the kennels where he had been staying, he was delighted to find that his young master, Scottie Macbeth, had returned from the hospital where he had his appendix removed. The Macbeths spent weeks selecting a name for Donaldbain, now they are trying to find him a nickname. They probably will end up by calling him the "Bain" of their existence.

From the Southwest comes Don Pasco El Catalina, a fiery little fellow whose ancestors hailed originally from Mexico. He is spending a month here with his master, Dr. Putnam of Tucson, Arizona. Don Pasco rolls his handsome, big dark eyes and tells you the Chihuahua is the native dog of America—his ancestors were worshiped by the Indians of Mexico before the white man came. He will also tell you that Carmel is too cold (even in our very best weather) and that he longs for the warmth of his native Catalina hills.

Rex Watson must be drowning his lonesomeness in food. Since the young Watsons, Suzanne, Nancy Lee and Harry, have gone to New York with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Watson, Rex has put on poundage at an alarming rate.

The now rotund Rexie had better watch his diet or his little playmates won't recognize him when they return.

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VEGETABLES
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MEATS

WELL, THEY'RE IN — STANIFORD'S, SHEPHERD'S, QUALITY MARKET, GEORGE AND MARK, BARBERS, WENTWORTH, SHOE FIXER

Well, they're in! Fred and Clara Leidig have turned over their new building at Ocean avenue and San Carlos street to the tenants and there have been much moving and bustling and nailing and painting and counter-fixing and machinery-moving for the past week. There have been refrigerator-installation, bottle-placing, magazine-piling, grocery-stacking, shade-hanging, chair-fixing and sign-painting.

The parade, led by Staniford's returning to the old corner (which would not seem the old corner anyway, what with the improvements, if it were not for Staniford's) has marched over all obstacles and taken possession. Shavings and sawdust and scaffoldings have abdicated, and the thing has lost the art of creation to be a commercial attainment. The cash registers are ready.

Staniford's doesn't look the same as in the old days; it doesn't look the same inside, not counting the new dressing without. There is a chance that it may again resume the comfortable un-dressiness of the old store, resume it as some of the natives hope it will, but the chances are more in favor of interior orderliness matching the sleek modernity of the structure that houses the store. It will still be Staniford's, but not the old Staniford's. Along with tempus moves commerce. Even the toothpaste tubes have gone artistic.

Next door, on the Ocean avenue side, Inez Shepherd has installed her trim shelves and stocked them with the latest in drygoods, pins, needles and thread. Carmel now has a second emporium to vie with Stella's in sharing the new patronage that has come and is coming to the city with the growth of the community, now linked to the outside world by the San Simeon Highway.

West of Miss Shepherd's comes Quality—in meats and groceries and fruits and vegetables. The new market declares itself dedicated to the meaning of its name in all its interpretations. The latest in meat refrigeration has been installed and the most modern contraptions extant in the matter of keeping fresh vegetables fresh and groceries with their original snap are in place and acting according to instructions.

Around on San Carlos street George and Mark have the last word in tonsorial paraphernalia. The fixtures are on the gorgeous side, you know, aluminum and that sort of thing. The chairs you are to swing back in, or be swung back in,

are entirely too comfortable for any barber shop. It doesn't look as though there will be any getting out of them, once you're in—and back.

Then, at the end of the building on San Carlos street is that Yankee shoe repairer, Wentworth. Of all the old shops that have vanished in the march of progress, we believe we regret Wentworth's little shack most. We intend to let our shoes wear themselves out and throw them away. There used to be some incentive to having them soled. You, at least, moved in on a sea-going shack, that smelled like a cobbler's palace. Now—well, look at the thing. All new and shiny and everything! But perhaps a cobbler, if he's let alone, can muss the place up and make it seem as of yore.

But there's the parade. The caliope tags along at the end. Ethel Staniford says she and Doc are going to sell fireworks this week-end.

How big is the new building? What did it cost? What is the floor space? Bless us, we don't know. We thought you wanted to know something about it, and we have told you.

+ + +

NAYLOR HANNA, MIRROR OF DAD OF LONG AGO, HERE VISITING OUR PETE

Naylor Hanna is in town. And Naylor is a mirror. He's a mirror of our own Pete, we'll bet a nickel, when our own Pete was, as Naylor is, 16.

And this should also be said: Pete must have been a handsome cuss when he was 16, because young Naylor is a handsome specimen of a boy today.

Naylor, of course, is one of Pete's progeny. He is a student at Mt. Diablo high school at Concord, up in Contra Costa county. He lives at Walnut Creek.

And that got us reminiscing. We could tell Naylor about when, back in 1913, or around there, we used to rock the town of Walnut Creek to its very vitals—once a week. We did it creating the Walnut Creek Courier. It wasn't what we said in the paper that did it, but what the lumbering, groaning, decrepit flat-bed press had to complain about. That town shook when that press groaned.

But the story is about Naylor, son of Pete, and a mirror, we bet that same nickel, of Pete when he was 16.

+ + +

Beth McGowan came down from Oakland to visit her many friends in Carmel last week-end.

Library Display Reminds You of July 4

"New Books for the American National Holiday, July Fourth," is the theme of the Carmel Library window display this week in the windows of the Fee building next door to the library. All the books shown were received in the library within the last year. We noticed particularly a volume entitled "American Points of View", which is a reader's guide and according to the jacket is a "cross section of current American thought by the writers who are expressing our Public Opinion". Another in the group, written by Eugene J. Young, is "Powerful America, Our Place in A Re-arming World". Andrew McLaughlin's Pulitzer prize winner, "A Constitutional History of the United States", is also there and "Lincoln Steffens Speaking" brings the selections close to home. These books may all be taken from the library and it is advisable to put your card in now in order to insure a reading in the near future.

The new reading desk in the children's room is like a long lectern and the children remind one of choir boys as they turn the pages of the large illustrated books.

Three new books are displayed on the front table in the reading room of the library. Albert Rhys Williams' "The Soviets", in case you were not one of those who received complimentary copies from the author. William M. Strong's book on "How to Travel Without Being Rich" carries such well-seasoned advice as "leave at home everything you think you can get along without; take along nothing you think you might have a use for". Also, a section on "How not to be bored in a cathedral". The third book in the new group is "Wilderness Wanderers" by Wendell and Lucy Chapman. This is an animal adventure story with readable type and many photographs taken by the authors. A fine book for children, as far as we could see, although it is in the adult non-fiction class.

+ + +

Two-car families in Carmel take two Cymbals. And for the same reason.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Forsyth and their daughter, Charlotte, are spending the vacation months in Carmel. The Forsyths come from Fresno.

Dr. Hunter S. Armstrong, professor of law at the University of Santa Clara, visited with his granddaughter, Carol Card, in Carmel over last week-end.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Carmel may look on the Fourth of July to be flooded with people who just don't belong here. But because of the fact that they do come, they must be part of our summer picture. Mixed in with the human currents that ebb and flow about our island of delight are, however, many who have some roots here, roots which tap some cold, clear spring of early reminiscence, or find some nurture for ideas from the rich old earth, whose being at some time has become entwined with the rambling oaks, rugged pines and jagged cypresses.

A home-coming to Carmel is at once easy and difficult to describe. There is the long drive through the dry, golden valleys, and at the end of the golden road something dark, and cloudy, rising on the horizon out of a burnished sea.

The darkness is the gift of pines, the island of trees, set lonely on this peninsula, as if pressed close to the sea by the punishment of heat, the rigors of the inland weather, and surviving only where the breezes cool their aged brows.

In more northern zones, the pine tree clings to the cold northwest slopes, her feet in the shade, giving the warm southern hillsides to other softwoods and deciduous trees. But here the pine has old friends in the fog blankets and moisture laden winds.

Possibly this snacks a little of chamber of commerce publicity. It is nothing of the kind, but unsolicited advertising at worst. I have a feeling every time I come home from San Francisco or Los Angeles, or points between or farther afield, that I have come through something very beautiful, what Stewart Edward White has called the "folded hills", to something that Robert Louis Stevenson found as a treasure island.

Periodically I go "sour" on Carmel and the peninsula. As the years go by, innovations, inundations, intrusions flock to my old-time citadel, a little blockhouse against worldly strife, set half-hidden in pines and oaks. For awhile I feel that I have regained myself, only to be away from Carmel and its smug mediocrities, and then a wonderful vision comes, of Carmel as it has been, as it might be now, as it shall be someday when "all our yesterdays are one with Nineveh and Tyre", and then I am glad to come home to Carmel, too.

Today I am coming home, joining in the throng that strides on Ocean Avenue, goes to the beach, watches the fireworks, has a swim, gets a sunburn, goes picnicking, loses the babies about the place, and wanders about visiting. But the biggest thrill of all, once I have seen the pines rise over the road to Monterey, will be going to the post office.

In most places the post office is

just a fixture, to be gone to when necessary, but in Carmel it's different. It's like going to a favorite bar, where you know friends will be hanging around. There was that wonderful time, now lost with all good things, when the speakeasy was a rendezvous of friends, but no more. I missed all that, just as I missed being a Digger Indian and feeding on abalones on Point Lobos many, many moons ago, by being a little too young or not in the right place at the right time.

And this brings me around to bootlegging, which I think I would have found a grand and adventurous trade, had I been in the right place at the right time. Many of my seagoing friends once benefited by the necessity for alcohol and, while most of them spent their money as they made it, some had their fun, made their pile, and are content to look back on "bad, old days" without longing, but with satisfaction and something of puzlement. But these latter are few.

There's one in particular. I'll call him "Noisy Frank", because he has been called that at times. He used to make good money bootlegging. He was tough and a good seaman, trained in the Boston deep-sea fishing fleets, an old schoonerman. When the country went dry, he went wet. He used to hide cases of whiskey in the sardine lighters at Monterey.

Occasionally he would be sent ashore down at Yankee Point to land a whaleboat's cargo of rum. Once his pals got caught, but he was fast on his feet, a good ducker, and he turned up at Highlands Inn phoned what the men always called "Frisco"—that was the big boss, the one who gave all orders, paid all bills, and a short shrift to the man who disobeyed. It was a grand world, for a brave man.

And there was another, a little fellow who picks lettuce nowadays, but once thought he was a seafaring hellion. One day he asked for his pay. It was overdue. He was told he could have sixty fathoms for his pay. He quit. He wasn't that tough. He was being tried out, just to see if he had the heart. He hadn't it any more than I have, when it comes to sixty fathoms of cold salt water, sixty fathoms deep.

But only one man I know got anything to keep out of all the bootlegging business. He was a wise, old bird, did a trip now and then in a boat no bigger than an old-time whaler's longboat, and ranged the coast as far as Astoria. He once carried a load of alcohol that would have put him on easy street at prevailing prices. He carried it all the way up that boisterous coast, to the Columbia River, for a few filthy dollars. Every dollar he made, he kept.

But what was this—a homecoming to Carmel at first, and now it's bootlegging—so what?

+

When an advertiser wants to reach all Carmel buyers with one coverage, he uses The Cymbal.

HERON'S FINAL 'MACBETH' READING ON JULY 13

A week from next Tuesday, July 13, will be the final and public reading by the Shakespeare group which has been meeting each Tuesday night to scan the lines of "Macbeth". Tuesday was the first time they had read the whole play through, since they have been reading only one act each evening. Bert Heron, who is sort of major domo of the group, hasn't decided yet where they will give the public reading, but if the press doesn't get it first, the private Heron grapevine will let you know.

+

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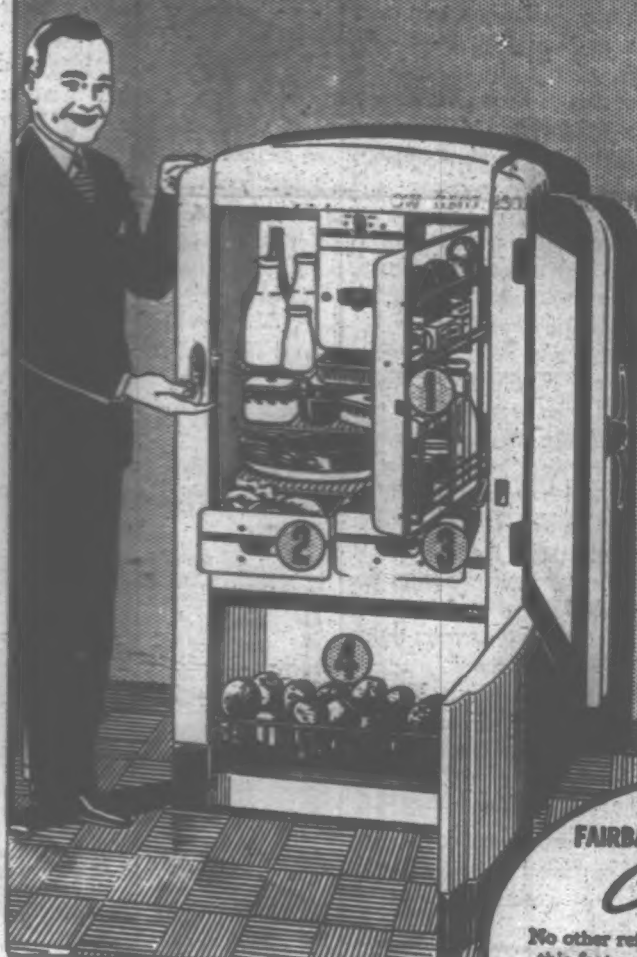
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Behind the Fairbanks-Morse nameplate is the greatest improvement in home refrigeration.



There it is! The CONSERVADOR, a shelf-lined inner door for frequently used foods.



The CONSERVADOR—plus every worthwhile feature found in all other refrigerators.

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See how long a
PENNY
will run it!

Let us show you how long the new Fairbanks-Morse Conservador will run on 1 penny's worth of electricity—at your rate. See the Penny Meter test before you buy any refrigerator. This refrigerator is most economical with no sacrifice of ability to keep food cold in any heat-wave emergency.

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Newly arrived at Holman's being shown now for the first time on the Peninsula

Holman's

Pacific Grove

Filmarte To Show Film Version of "Amphitryon" Next Week

Right on the heels of the stage success in San Francisco—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne's "Amphitryon 38" comes the clever film version of this same story to The Filmarte beginning next Wednesday for two days.

This is the same "Amphitryon", the same old legend of Greek mythology which has tempted every comic writer from the time of Aristophanes down through the ages. This time it comes to us with all the pomp and splendor of ancient days—as only the film can recreate the past, together with a racy contemporary interpretation—as only the French can tell a spicy story. Impressive mass scenes of war and peace in ancient Thebes come to life again at the hands of an all-French cast of three thousand players, while Henry Garat, Jeanne Boitel and other leading stars of the French stage reenact the subtle intimacies and the sophisticated tongue-in-the-cheek delights of the gods at play.

This time Jupiter appears as a rather kindly, shy old libertine, anxious to escape from his Olympian duties and from his battle-axe wife, Juno, to the amorous delights of an earthly adventure. Disdaining his barnyard disguises—such as the swan that lured Leda, or the bull that seduced Europa—he becomes Amphitryon, the warrior husband of the virtuous Alcmena, who has been left alone too long for her own good, or as it turns out, for the good of old Jupiter himself when he spies her out as she offers sacrifices at his statue to end the war.

Jupiter's side-kick, Mercury, adds many double situations to this gay, sparkling comedy. It's bawdy—but beautiful; audacious—but always good taste! This sums up the film "Amphitryon". The Los Angeles Daily News has the following comment to make: "A merry, tuneful, audacious tale of gods and men... It has zest, a sparkle and an originality in conception that Hollywood could do well to copy."

"Amphitryon" opens at The Filmarte next Wednesday for two days only.

Tourist" and "In the Bushes in the Bottom of the Garden" are lively and fast and rank along with "Little Nell", also on the program for hilarious entertainment and laughs galore.

Other members of the cast are: Mose Lillyblossom, Lillian Collins; Sheriff Gorgas, Rex Flaherty; Clementina, Manuela Hudson; and Squatters in the Gulch, Billy Shepard, Robert McMillan and Frank Wilkinson. In the After-Show are Bob Bratt, Laura Bride Applegarth, Connie Clampett, Betty Carr (who does a lowdown waltz-clog) and many others from the cast of the show. Jerry Chance is at the piano and Norman McNeil at the accordion. Kay Knudsen again furnishes some fine lighting.

Dene Denay and Hazel Watrous have done right by our Nell and the audience.

—V. S.

Personalities & Personals

Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan were among those present at the dress rehearsal for "Tatters" Wednesday night. Ryan is a casting director for Twentieth Century Fox Films in Hollywood. Both of them enjoyed the show very much.

Terry Ogden, who has photographed all the elite of Hawaii, is in the process of moving into Seven Arts Court. Ogden will take the Gallery at the top of the stairs recently occupied by the Federal Art Project and will also have Ernest Bixler's office and the dark rooms used by Sybil Anikev. Ogden will add a bit of color to the building with a young Chinese girl receptionist and a slant-eyed retoucher, both of whom he brought to Carmel from Honolulu. Announcements of the opening of the studio will be out soon.

Mrs. John Reinera, who used to live in Pebble Beach, is at present a guest of Mrs. J. A. MacKenzie in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phillips gave a house-warming party at their home on Casanova street last Wednesday night. Guests for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Gottfried, Mr.

and Mrs. Earl Hotham, Mrs. M. V. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cox, Willard Whitney, Lieut. P. Adams, Dorothy Thomson, Sara T. Kistler, Iva Van Colt, Happy Whyte, Donald Clark, Ray Burns, Louis Conlan and Colin Alderman.

Major W. E. Kneass and Bill started last Monday for Denver. Mrs. Kneass, who left Carmel several months ago, is ill there.

Margaret (Margo) Wilson Spratt of Carmel and Conrad DeForest Swanson of Berkeley have applied for a marriage license. The young couple met in Berkeley, where Margo has been attending school. She is the daughter of Mrs. Alberta Spratt Lamb, Carmel artist. The wedding will be in the near future.

Word comes that Lala Greene (Mrs. Michel Penha) has received the title of Fellow of the British Geological Society. Mrs. Penha is the only American woman to hold this honor. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Summer Greene of Carmel, as well as being the wife of this year's Bach Festival director.

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Sascha Lautman Pastels Something To See in Del Monte Hotel Lobby

A few nights ago we were wandering through the lobby of the Del Monte Hotel and saw a couple of portraits on exhibit. We nodded and admired. They were pastels and were well executed in the medium.

Then the artist, Sascha Lautman, came to our office the other morning, and we were enlightened still further. Lautman is no mere manner of man who just has a picture on exhibit at Del Monte. He was born in Vienna and later went to Poland where he served in the army during the World War. He was given the Order of Polonia Restituta, being the only person to have received the honor from Poland, outside of her great national hero, Paderewski. He held a professorship at the Royal Academy in Rome, teaching landscape. He didn't like it very much because, although he admits and is very certain that one cannot be a portrait painter and be anything else but conservative, he still doesn't like the idea of being told exactly what and how one should paint. There is so much strictness in the academy that Lautman felt himself much too youthful a spirit to bow under the yoke. He received honorable mention and a landscape medal at the International Exhibit in Vienna and some time later came to the United States. Because of a friendship on the boat with an enthusiastic Texan, he went to Texas first and did many portrait commissions there. Then six months in New York and about eight months in Hollywood sketching and drawing the stars and the stars' children.

Among the luminaries he has painted are Mussolini, who sat twice for him; Marie Jeritza, Paderewski, Pilsudski, Katherine Cornell, and Count and Countess Volpi. Recently he has done a portrait of Pierre Monteux, director of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. In the Peninsula area several children have sat for him, among them Marian Ford's daughter, Audrey, and Fred Stanley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stanley of Del Monte.

Lautman will be at Del Monte for about two months and will receive commissions there. He is planning to do quite a few landscape paintings at the same time. His San Francisco studio is in the Golden Bough Studio Building.

"I am enjoying your scenery

here very much," said Lautman, "I was in Hollywood for eight months, but this is the first time I have been in California."

Tilly Polak will have three of Lautman's crayon portraits at her shop on Ocean avenue, so drop down there to see some of the work if you haven't time or transportation to go over the hill.

+ + +

Take a Ride in Walt's New Streamline

Have you taken a ride in Walt's new stream-lined diner, and watched Carmel go by? It's a funny thing, but there you are the minute you step inside and sit down in one of those yellow leather seats facing the street, whizzing through space, with that odd little village outside going about its daily business as you pass it by; and you no longer any part of it, but suddenly bound out on some preposterously jolly journey of whose destination you have never thought.

We went in and sat down bewilderedly, expecting a steward to pop along. When we looked up from ordering our lunch a truckload of sawhorses was going by on the main street of this unfamiliar town. We speculated, as one does on trains, about who the devil would want a truckload of sawhorses and why anyone, for that matter, would want to live in this slow out of the way hamlet. As a matter of fact, we began to have that subtly superior feeling about folks who aren't swaying along dizzily with their own drawing room tucked up behind somewhere. Rather smooty, you know, about the woman feeling the peaches in the local grocery.

Two small boys were crying what seemed to be rival local news-sheets; out of the town movie house issued a rather handsome fellow with white hair, clamped to a blonde; on a street corner a tall man with black whiskers appeared to be in mortal verbal conflict with a short man with a goatee—the goatee went 'round and 'round and the whiskers up and down, showing they were arguing from different premises.

We stopped to take on a fat Jew.

Faster and faster the locomotive flew. Here was an old, tall man, pushing away at a park lawn mower; there a blonde fat dog swaddled; girls in shorts and goggles whiffed by. It became impossible for us to tell whether we were going forward or backward, up or down. The universal flux went around our cheeseburger. We were aboard the unlimited.

Then, out of Earl Graft's place, came Ed and Anne Ewig.

+ + +

Arthur Hill Gilbert, nationally known artist and a member of the Carmel Art Association, will open an exhibit at Del Monte today. The Gallery is open from 2 to 4:30 in the afternoon and from 8 to 10 o'clock in the evening. Gilbert's subject matter includes landscape and coastal scenes.

Two Boys Trample On Our Laws

Our business license ordinance and our police regulations generally, to say nothing of rules and regulations of the United States post office, were handled a bit roughly last Tuesday when one, Jack Finn, 12½ (self-estimate) years old, and two, Harold Allbright, 11, laid a board across two boxes out on the sidewalk on Ocean avenue, near Mission, and opened up as retail purveyors of lemonade and root beer. The firecracker ordinance also came in for a jolt when Allbright gave voice to an immense idea by shooting off a cracker or two as announcement of the opening.

The cracker attracted neither business nor police. There was an early lull and then Barnet Segal bought the editor of THE CYNICAL a lemonade, just, we suppose, to demonstrate that the concern was actually in business, and making sales.

There were one or two other straggling customers and the business kept running for an hour or more. Whether it was because of lack of trade or fear of consequences, we don't know. But after an hour and a half the merchants and their wares had vanished. They left their stand, however, and the signs which they had tacked on it. These violated the clear cleanness of the sidewalk for another hour or two.

Great business!

+ + +

Del Monte Dog Show July 24

The fourteenth annual dog show of the Del Monte Kennel Club will be held July 24 at Del Monte, contest officials announced yesterday.

Entries must be in the office of the show secretary, 316 Post street, San Francisco, not later than 7:30 p. m. July 15.

Three of the seven judges selected this year will fly to Del Monte from the East for the event. Six of the seven are filling their first California engagement.

The judges are: Edward D. Knight of Charleston, West Virginia, owner of the Tusawilla Kennels of Springer Spaniels; Victor Laugeson of Cleveland, Ohio, breeder of wire-haired fox terriers and owner of the Cable Kennels; Mrs. Myrtle Falcon Cooper of Chicago, secretary of the Schnauzer Club of America.

Chris Shuttleworth of Los Angeles, famous judge and breeder; Harold Mack, Jr., of San Francisco, dachshund expert; E. F. Clough of Oakland, noted breeder of chows; Bill Thompson, obedience trainer, will judge the obedience trials.

+ + +

Madefrey Odhner and Mrs. Odhner, who was Grace Wickham of Carmel, and their daughters, Julia and Ellen, are occupying the Wickham house in the Eighty Acres for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Duncan McAllister arrived in Carmel last week. This is the first time Mrs. McAllister has been here and she seems to like us (Carmel, we mean). McAllister, an artist, was here before for about three years, leaving Carmel for Ohio in 1935. He is not only a painter but also a woodcarver and a sculptor, and was formerly a member of the Carmel Art Association. The couple spent last winter in Taos and hope to make their permanent home in Carmel. At present they are living in The Atom on San Carlos street. Mrs. McAllister was a newspaper woman connected with King Fea-

tures and also with the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

+ + +

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Miss Lial Shows Younger Group Watercolors

An exhibition of the paintings of eleven of the leading younger watercolorists of the state, known as "The California Group", and a lecture, illustrated with slides in full color, by Lawson P. Cooper, is the unusual program offered by Margaret Lial on July 10 at 7:45 p. m. at Lial's Studio.

Millard Sheets, Paul Sample, Barse Miller, Phil Dike, Paul Maya, Milford Zornes, Rex Brandt, Thomas Craig, Lee Blair, George Post and Tom Lewis are the artists whose original works will be on exhibition from July 10 to July 11.

Lawson P. Cooper, who represents this group, is a friend and associate of the rising younger artists. He is himself one of the younger critics of the country. Before he was thirty years of age he gave lecture courses on modern art in two Southern California colleges and wrote articles for the newspapers and national magazines. His lecture series this summer takes him to such places as the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco and the Fine Arts Gallery in San Diego.

The title of the lecture to be given is "The Untried Domain". It is taken from the poem by Whitman, in which "the good grey poet" challenges the artist to give expression to what we now call "The American Scene"—and what the poet described as "a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide, untried domain".

"Most of the artists of the California Group are under thirty years of age, some only a few years older, yet all have received national recognition," according to Miss Lial who is bringing the exhibition and lecturer to Monterey.

Sponsors for "The California Group" are Reginald Poland, curator of the Fine Arts Gallery in San Diego and H. B. Alexander of Scripps College.

Watercolor Show To Be Continued

The Federal Art Gallery's exhibit of watercolors and drawings from the Index of American Design has been held over to July 15. This gives all those who have not seen this very remarkable show a chance to view it, and those who like to visit and visit again, two more weeks to get a fuller value out of the exceptional work shown. The Index of American Design unit of the Federal Art Project is one of the valuable historical as well as aesthetic achievements of the government in art. The work is a foundation for a complete survey of all the native arts and crafts of this country drawn from originals. The plates are beautiful and yet so finely drawn that they are blueprints for any future craftsman who might wish to follow in the footsteps of his forbears, or receive inspiration for a modern treatment of an earlier work. As we have said in these review columns two weeks ago and have repeated verbally many times since, whatever your tastes in art, whether they be modern, conservative, classical, dada, or none at all, go see the show. There is something there to interest everyone.

Just as a matter of proof about this interest Amelie Waldo, assistant superintendent on the project, keeps a daily record of gallery attendance. Since this show opened, which was June 14, 390 people have come to see it. That is quite a record for any small gallery.

From July 15 to 29 the Federal Art Gallery will have an exception-

ally interesting exhibit. There will be 18 sculpture pieces by the young New Mexican sculptor, Barela, and 38 watercolor plates of the wall paintings from the Missions in New Mexico. Barela's work has received national recognition since he started under the government. Lewis Mumford, one of our best art and architect critics, says of him in the September 26, 1936 issue of *The New Yorker*, "If one person stands out as a capital discovery, it is the New Mexican sculptor, Patrocino Barela, who worked as a day laborer until the Federal Art Project found him out. He is a young man of imagination, drawing upon some childhood memory of saintly figures from old churches, but re-fashioning his fantasies in terms of solid blocks of wood 'till they are as strong, if not as highly finished, as a Congo idol."

Youth Will Have Important Place In County Fair

Youth will have an important place in the forthcoming expanded agricultural and industrial fair at Monterey August 12 to 15 inclusive. Education in all its branches from art to agriculture will be featured and will include exhibits not only from Monterey county, but from Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Benito and San Luis Obispo counties.

So important a part of the big fair will these exhibits be that they will be grouped in an entirely separate department to be designated as the Junior Fair and will be housed in their own gigantic exposition tent. Under the direction of L. Pressley and T. Twaites, Jr., Future Farmers of America and 4-H Clubs will exhibit in all classes of livestock, poultry, agricultural products and farm mechanics. Entries are now being made and will remain open until August 1. Approximately \$3,000 in premiums will be offered in these departments. Premium lists and entry blanks may be obtained by addressing Mr. Pressley or Mr. Twaites at the office of the Monterey County Agricultural Commissioner at Salinas, or writing the office of the Monterey District Fair, Monterey, direct.

Another important division of junior activities at the fair will be the schools exhibit showing the work of children in the schools. James G. Force, superintendent of county schools, has appointed Miss Grace Beebe, art teacher of the King City grammar school, and O. L. Eckman of the county superintendent's office, to have charge of one branch of the exhibit. J. L. Croad, superintendent, is directing preparation of the exhibit by Monterey grammar schools.

Valentine Porter, daughter of Mrs. Susan Porter, arrived home for the summer vacation, last weekend. Valentine has been attending Radcliffe College and will return in the fall for her senior year. She and a friend, Marjorie Weld, drove from the East together. Marjorie holds a secretarial position in Boston and is the niece of Miss Lydia Weld of Carmel. Marjorie's mother, Mrs. George Francis Weld, of Santa Barbara, plans to join her daughter here soon.

Here Is Official Bach Festival Calendar

The third annual Bach Festival—July 19-25—is daily bringing in reservations and inquiries from far afield. The five scheduled programs to be conducted by Michel Penha, featuring outstanding soloists, Festival orchestra and chorus, run as follows:

MONDAY MORNING, JULY 19
Eleven o'clock, Pine Inn. Lecture on evening program, Myra Palache, 8 p. m.: heralding trombones. 8:30 p. m.: concert at Sunset School. Cantata: "Freud Dich". Soloists: Alice Mock, soprano; Andrew Sessink, tenor; Evelyn Snow, contralto; John Daggett Howell, bass-baritone. Suite in D major for piano and orchestra. Lillian Seaber, soloist.

TUESDAY, JULY 20.
Eleven a. m., Pine Inn. Lecture on evening program, Myra Palache, 8 p. m.: heralding trombones. 8:30 p. m.: Concert Sunset School Auditorium. Sonata for violin and piano, Sascha Jacobinoff, Olga Steeb. Sacred songs with orchestra accompaniment, Noel Sullivan. Suite for cello alone, Michel Penha. Concerto for two pianos and orchestra, Winifred Howe, Anne Greene. Brandenburg Concerto No. III, for chamber orchestra.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21
Four p. m. Organ recital in All Saints Church.

THURSDAY, JULY 22
Eleven a. m., Pine Inn. Lecture on evening program, Myra Palache, 8 p. m.: heralding trombones. 8:30 p. m.: Concert, Sunset School Auditorium. Double keyboard piano, Wanda Krasoff. Recital of piano works, Edward Steurmann.

FRIDAY, JULY 23
Four p. m. Organ recital.

SATURDAY, JULY 24
Eleven a. m., Pine Inn. Lecture, Myra Palache, 8 p. m.: heralding trombones. 8:30 p. m.: Concert in Sunset School Auditorium. Suite B minor for orchestra. Concerto in A minor for violin and orchestra. Alexander Murray. Coffee Cantata. Soloists: Alice Mock, Evelyn Snow, Andrew Sessink, John Daggett Howell.

SUNDAY, JULY 25
7:45 p. m.: heralding trombones. 8:15 p. m.: Concert in Carmel Mission. Cantata, "God's Time is Best". Soloists: Alice Mock, Evelyn Snow, Andrew Sessink, John Daggett Howell. Sonata for flute and piano. Flutist to be announced. Pianist, Ralph Linley. Choral, Festival Chorus.

Season ticket holders are admitted to all the events named.

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Marian Todd Is Kept on Job

They tried out our Marian Todd and found her good. So good, in fact, that without any hesitation whatsoever, the trustees of the Monterey Peninsula Community Chest, at the annual meeting last

Friday in Monterey, re-elected her to the position of executive-secretary. President P. J. Dougherty was also re-elected and Jack Beaumont, the treasurer. The two vice-presidents and 22 trustees will also continue in office.

When Marian modestly told us about her re-election the other day in the post office, we asked her about the work and how she was getting along. It was a beautiful sunny day, and the days had been such for a week or more.

"You know," Marian said, "that on days like this we don't have so many people coming in for food and clothing. Somehow they eat the sunshine and wear it."

But sunshine or no sunshine, the poor and needy we have with us always. We don't as a rule pay much attention to them, but Marian does; it's her job, and from all reports

she does it with that efficiency which is hers, and manifesting that rare human sympathy and goodwill which are so strongly hers, too.

+ + +

Summer Session Music Course Is Started

The second of the Wednesday evening band and orchestra concerts at Pacific Grove High School Summer Session will be held next Wednesday evening, July 7, at 8 o'clock in the High School Auditorium. Again, Frank Mancini will head the staff of seven instructors in the music department. Mancini is director of the nationally known band and orchestra of Modesto High School and Junior College. Under his tutelage the Modesto group has won several national awards and the judges are getting rather tired of handing over the state blue ribbon to the school. This is Mancini's third summer in Pacific Grove and he has made such a success of the summer music courses that he received offers from the University of Michigan, University of Oregon and San Jose State College to teach at their summer session this year.

The session and weekly concerts will last until the first of August.

+ + +

Ellen and Jessie Joan Brown entertained for their cousins, Lucille and Gloria Dampierre of Burlingame, last Friday evening. Their guests for the evening included Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Dampierre, Rachel Spradling, John Parker, John Gillingham and Nicholas Petchukin. Ellen and Jessie presided over an Italian buffet supper and later the party adjourned to Del Monte for dancing.

CLARIBEL ZUCK'S GUEST BOOK IS REALLY SOMETHING

If you have a new home or a new name and want your friends to find you, Claribel Haydock Zuck has figured out a solution. She or any member of her office force will gladly show you their new Carmel Guest Book and, with pen in hand, invite you to scribble any information which would lead or decoy guests to your home. The book covers are carved mahogany in a new and different design for Carmel. There are no cypress trees, no Mission and no Point Lobos. Remo carved the book and executed the design which is symbolical of Carmel arts and crafts, with a paint brush and pen and musical notes and the masks of the drama for the various activities which have given

Carmel its name all over the country.

Claribel Zuck has lived in Carmel for 18 years and she practically guarantees to find that odd little out-of-the-way house your old friend took for the week-end, whether it be the Gray Goose or As You Like It or What Have You.

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